

- I WAS -

I was:

*peering toward the indistinct horizon of distant time
pondering why the human world will almost never rhyme
shouting my concern to all, with voice, loud as a mime
contemplating, with desire, just one more sip of lime*

I was:

*questioning and crying, about all the dear dead friends
and why some people direct others toward deadly ends
would you follow, then, a leader who never sows and always reaps
and
if there is a god, wholly Love, who all our sorrow mends
why does he teach with deadly breaks, instead of helpful bends*

I was:

*sad to note how seldom honest words are ever spoken
distracted because my mind seems almost always slightly broken
striving yet to keep it: coherent, thoughtful, open
thankful ever, for her love, which is much more than a token*

*I was, . . . I am, . . . I hope and work to be
so much more enlightened, than when I was twenty-three.*

